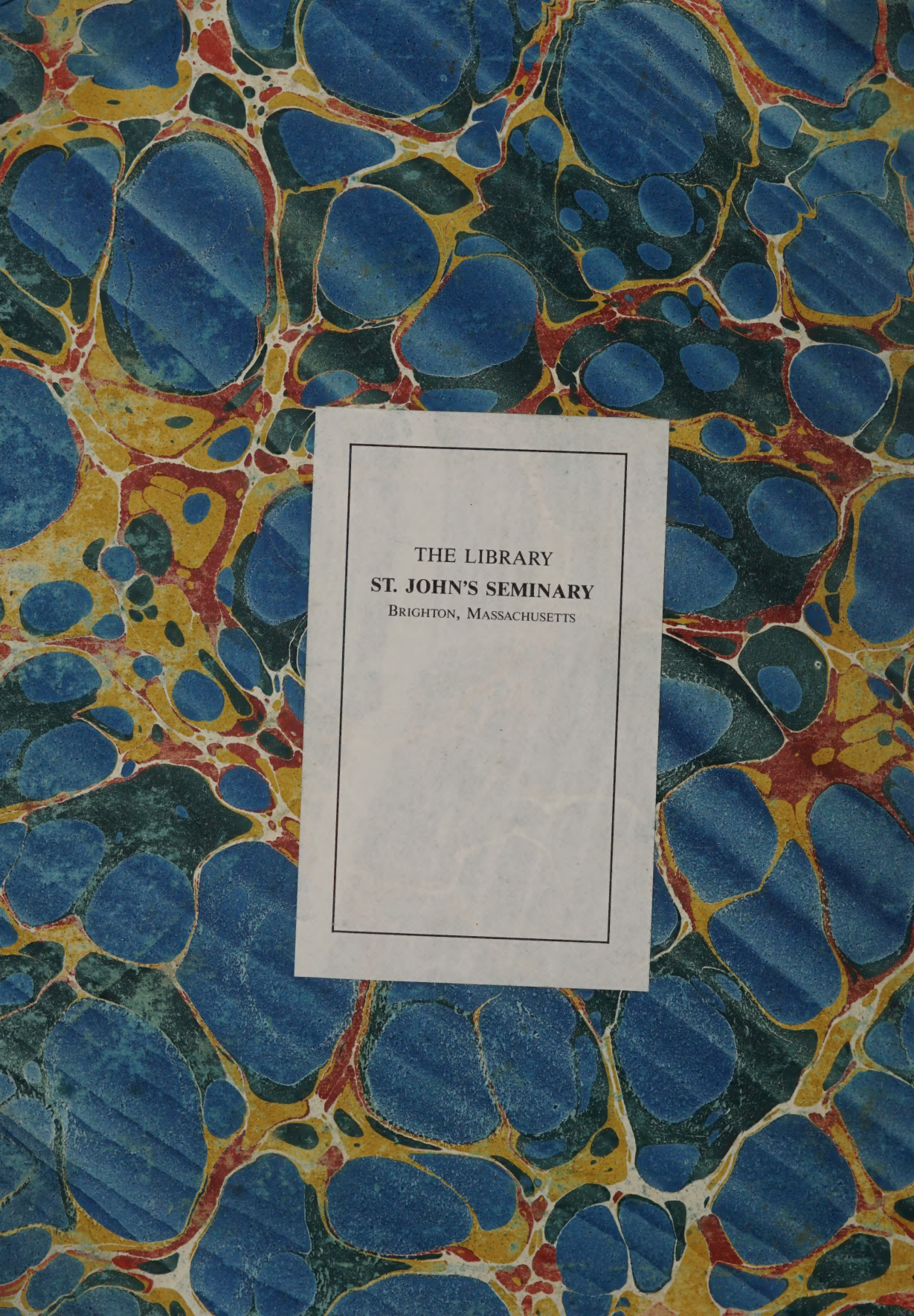
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THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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LUIGI MASSANI.

With the same subtlety and skill by which the enemy of mankind tempted our first mother in the blissful bowers of Paradise, has he in every succeeding age adapted his temptations to the reigning tastes and inclinations of men. But his master-piece was reserved for these latter times, in which, by persuading men to disbelieve in the existence of the devil, he has prostrated them at his feet.

To believe in Satanic agency is very generally considered a proof of weakness of mind; yet no Catholic can refuse his belief to such agency, while the Church recognises it in the different forms of exorcism. Whether the circumstances related in the following story were supernatural or otherwise, the reader may judge for himself; one thing, however, is certain, that such things have happened in which the devil has been the principal actor.

In a quiet and secluded valley at the foot of the Appenines, there lived, some years ago, a small farmer called Luigi Massani. He had been married several years, and his wife had brought him three daughters, who died successively as they attained the age of six or seven months. When their fourth little girl was born, the parents determined to place her solemnly under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and at the same time vowed, that, if she were spared to them, when the proper age arrived they would consecrate her to the service of God in the neighbouring convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli. That their child had attained the age of seven years at the time my story commences, they attributed to the Virgin Mother having graciously heard and accepted their vow. Indeed, other proofs were not wanting to show that the little girl was the favourite of Heaven. The extreme sweetness of her disposition, the unruffled composure with which she encountered all the little annoyances of every-day existence, spoke of a grace not usually given. The child loved the solitude of nature, and spent great part of the summer day frolicking with the lambs on the mountain side. On her return home she would sometimes speak of a Lady of transcendant beauty, whose mantle was made of the blue heavens spangled with stars, who brought a little Boy to play with her, and this Boy was so beautiful and so good that the lambs forgot to gambol, and came bending before Him, while the most exquisite flowers sprung up under His feet. The mother of the little Mary listened with thrilling interest to the recitals of her child, and remarked, that it was on the feast days of the Blessed Virgin, or of those saints peculiarly devoted to her, that she told of having been with the beautiful Lady and her infant Son. The father, however, paid little attention to the stories of his child—he was occupied with his farm, he was anxious to make a little money, and the cares of the world began to deaden his devotion.

There is in Italy a species of grain, the name of which I have forgot, that is exceedingly productive, provided rain falls within a given time after it is committed to the earth; but in the event of no rain falling the crop is spoiled. To realise greater profits, Luigi for three successive years had sown his land with this species of grain; the two first years he had been disappointed, and suffered great pecuniary loss, but notwithstanding this he would venture a third time, and now that the seed was in the ground he watched the appearance of the heavens with the most intense anxiety, and as the sun continued to shine with dazzling splendour he was tempted to curse God in his heart. Ruin stared him in the face—he had risked his all in this last speculation—his eye-balls seemed ready to burst from their sockets as he looked for the least appearance of a cloud, and nothing was to be seen but the bright blue sky and the blazing sun, which seemed to dart fire into his brain.

The time was past—the seed was again destroyed—and Luigi tossing his arms in wild despair ran madly over the field blaspheming and cursing God aloud. Suddenly he was interrupted by a voice saying, "Hollo, my friend, what is the meaning of all this pother? the weather is rather too warm for such violent exercise I should think!"—"Curse the weather!" cried Luigi, and curse——he would have continued in the same horrible strain, only the strange glee in the expression of the man's eye arrested him, and he began to wonder where he could have come from, for he had never seen any one dressed in the same style in that part of the country. "Go on, my friend, go on," said the stranger; "it relieves the heart to give expression to the thoughts, and you have been shamefully treated, no doubt of it."—"I have been ruined," cried Luigi wringing his hands despairingly, "and there is no hope for me, neither in heaven nor hell."—"Not so fast, not so fast," said the gentleman, "help may be nearer than you think; what if I should take a fancy to help you myself?" "You!" said Luigi, staring in the stranger's face,

"who are you, and what are you, that would offer help to a beggared man?"—"Why," replied the stranger, "there is no use in asking such particular questions, I have taken a fancy to you, I like you, that's enough, and I will lend you gold on very easy conditions."—"I shall be *eternally* obliged to you," said Luigi, almost doubting the evidence of his senses.—"I rather think you will," coolly replied the stranger, with something almost like a sneer. At this moment Luigi felt a little hand grasp his, and a sweet infantine voice said, "Father, send away that bad man." He looked down at his little daughter, the child drew herself up with a sort of calm majesty, and again said, "Father, send away that bad man." Luigi looked at the stranger who had seemed to recoil from the child; his brow was contracted as if he suffered intense pain; but recovering himself by a strong effort the cried, "Send away that child, you fool, we cannot talk of business with a babbling brat interrupting us, and I have no time to spare—now or *never*." He pronounced the word "never" with such fearful emphasis, that the unfortunate man at once recalled the position in which he stood, and angrily ordered the child to be gone; he shook her off and approached the stranger. "My Mother Mary is more powerful than you," said the child, as she slowly and reluctantly moved away, and the strange man for a moment writhed as if in anguish. "Come, come," said Luigi in tones of despair, "I begin to understand this; what am I to do in order to have the gold."—"Simply to sign a little paper," said the stranger, recovering his original manner as the child disappeared. "And what is to be written in this paper?" inquired Luigi with resolute despair.—"An acknowledgement that you give yourself to me, body and soul—a mere matter of form," sneered the strange man, "and as by certain chemical processes ink may be obliterated, I prefer that you should write it in your own blood."—"It shall be done," said Luigi.—"Make haste, then," said the other—but at that moment the Angelus bell sounded from the neighbouring convent. "I can stay no longer," cried the stranger in terrible agitation; "but meet me at midnight at the blasted oak in yonder wood, and bring the paper with you written and signed as I have directed, and a bag of gold as heavy as you can carry shall be yours."—"I will be there." said Luigi; and turning away he saw the stranger no more.

On that evening the calm and placid brow of little Mary seemed for the first time to be overshadowed by a cloud of sorrow. Luigi maintained a sullen silence, and his wife was totally at a loss to account for the change that appeared to have come over both father and child. Before going to bed the child approached and knelt before her father to receive his blessing; but how could he bestow a blessing when meditating on the committal of so dreadful a crime! He was standing before a small image of the Virgin, and as he moved away with a start of horror as the child knelt down, she continued kneeling with her large lustrous eyes fixed on the Virgin Mother, with such earnestness of entreaty in their expression, that one might almost have imagined she saw the original whom the image was designed to represent. At that moment—it might have been a moon-beam darting through the latticed window—a glory seemed to play around the head of the child, the look of sorrow disappeared, and was succeeded by a radiant joy which communicated peace to the bosom of her poor anxious mother; but Luigi—he had disappeared—he was in another apartment writing out the fatal bond.

Midnight was approaching—dark heavy clouds began to gather in the firmament. The wind whistled through the trees, sometimes with a low moaning noise, intermingled with sounds that recalled to the troubled mind of Luigi the yells of demons celebrating a jubilee, and sometimes with a fierce rush, as if conveying guests on its wings who had come to witness a human soul purchased by the blood of God voluntarily giving itself back to the devouring fiend. As he quitted the house, his wife ran after him. "Luigi," she said, "our child has just awoke in great agitation, and bid me run after thee and give thee this little flower which she gathered this morning on the mountain side." Mechanically he seized the flower; it looked like a pure transparent lilly, but a dark red spot tinged each leaf—a change came over him—he felt as if his angel guardian, having deserted him, had once more returned to his side. A struggle ensued, but still he went on towards the appointed rendezvous. Never did man more powerfully resist grace—the flower dropped from his hands—the struggle ceased—he walked forward to meet his fate.

My story now leads me to the Jesuits' house of the professed at Rome. In the church of the Gesu the fathers sit in the confessionals from an early hour in the morning until near mid-day, but in case any poor sinner has been hindered from seeking the sacrament of penance in the early part of the day, there is in the entrance hall a confessional to which men are admitted, and every evening a father sits there to be ready to listen to any that may come. One evening in the spring of the year 18— Father T. took his seat in this confessional, and as no one had yet arrived he began to meditate on a favourite subject with him—the blessings that are showered on those who devoutly honour and love the Virgin Mother of God. The tears were rolling down the cheeks of the good old man as he recommended his country to her protection, when the bell sounded, and a countryman staggered in, and dropped exhausted on the steps of the confessional. He had travelled far, that poor sinner—fifty miles had he trod on foot without stopping a moment to rest, without tasting food, or even a drop of water to cool his parched and burning throat. At first he could not speak, but he thrust a paper into the hands of Father T. who by the glimmering of a distant lamp saw it to be written with what he thought to be red ink. My readers will easily imagine who this man was. We had left him on his way to the blasted oak, steadily resolved on making the fearful sacrifice to become the possessor

of a little yellow dust of earth—but at the corner of the road stood a small chapel dedicated to our Lady of Victory, and involuntarily as was his wont from childhood, he bent his knee and said, "Ave Maria." In a moment a light from heaven pierced the darkness of his soul, he saw the unfathomable gulf yawning beneath his feet, he felt himself falling into it without power to resist, when the voice of his child sounded in his ears, and the words she had that day spoken gave him strength—"My Mother Mary is more powerful than you." He walked straight on, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, until he walked into the confessional of the Gesu. His penitence was deep and sincere, he returned home an altered man, his worldly circumstances improved, his wife made him the father of a fine boy a few weeks after, and Mary had found her home in the Convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli.

THE MILKY WAY: OUR ASTRAL SYSTEM.

It was at first surmised by the ancient philosopher, Democritus, that the faintly white zone which spans the sky under the name of Milky Way might be only a dense collection of stars too remote to be distinguished. This conjecture has been verified by the instruments of modern astronomers, and some speculations of a most remarkable kind have been formed in connexion with it. By the joint labours of the two Herschels the sky has been "guaged" in all directions by the telescope, so as to ascertain the conditions of different parts with respect to the frequency of the stars. The result has been a conviction, that, as the planets are parts of solar systems, so are solar systems parts of what may be called astral systems; that is, systems composed of a multitude of stars, bearing a certain relation to each other. The astral system to which we belong is conceived to be of an oblong, flattish form, with a space wholly or comparatively vacant in the centre, while the extremity in one condition parts into two. The stars are most thickly sown in the outer part of this vast ring, and these constitute the Milky Way. Our sun is believed to be placed in the southern portion of the ring, near its inner edge, so that we are represented with many more stars and see the Milky Way much more clearly in that direction than towards the north, in which line our eye has to traverse the vacant central space. Nor is this all. Sir William Herschel, so early as 1783, detected a motion in our solar system with respect to the stars, and announced that it was tending towards the star λ in the constellation Hercules. This has been generally verified by recent and more exact calculations, which fix on a point in Hercules, near the star 143 of the 17th hour, according to Piozzi's catalogue, as that towards which our sun is proceeding. It is, therefore, receding from the inner edge of the ring. Motions of this kind, through such vast regions of space, must be long in producing any change nsible to the inhabitants of our planet, and it is not easy to grasp their general character; but grounds have nevertheless been found for supposing that not only our sun, but the other suns of the system, pursue a wavy course round the ring *from west to east*, crossing and re-crossing the middle of the annular circle. "Some stars will depart more, others less, from either side of the equilibrium, according to the places in which they are situated, and according to the direction and the velocity with which they are put in motion. Our sun is probably one of those which depart farthest from it, and descend farthest into the empty space within the ring." According to this view, a time may come when we shall be much more in the thick of the stars of our astral system than we are now, and have, of course, much more brilliant nocturnal skies; but it may be countless ages before the eyes which are to see this added resplendence shall exist.—*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.*

DIVERSION AND DEVOTION.

The Christian Examiner gives the following story as a fact: "What will our reader think of the following programme of a congregational *soiree* held in a populous town. In pure pity we suppress all names. The document is too long for insertion, but the following is a fair sample of it:

1. Praise, Psalm c.
2. Blessing.
3. Service of Coffee.
4. Praise, second paraphrase, "Eastgate."
5. Address, Chairman.
6. Fantasia, piano-forte.
7. Duet, "I love thee."
8. Song, "Logie O Buchan."
9. Address, Rev. Dr.—
10. Overture, piano-forte.
11. Sacred Song, "Nothing true but heaven," Miss B—.
12. Song, "They're a teasing me.
13. Address, Rev. T. F—
14. Air with variations, violoncello.
15. Song, "The Magregors' Gathering."
16. Service of Fruit.
17. Address, Rev. S. S.
18. Irish melody, "Widow Macree."
19. Address, Rev. F. A.
20. Irish Song, "Widow Malone."
21. Song, "There is nae luck about the house."
22. Song, "We're a Noddin."
23. "Tell me, Mary, how to woo."
24. Address, Rev. W. A. &c. &c. &c.

"SALVE REGINA."

Sov'reign Lady, Mother blest,
Mercy's spring is in thy breast.
Thee we greet, our life's best treasure,
Dearest hope and sweetest pleasure.
Eva's banished sons are sighing,
Praying—grieving—groaning—crying—
Anxious watch upon thee keeping
In our darksome vale of weeping.

Pleader of the Court Divine,
Urge our suit and make it thine.
Hither deign those eyes to move—
Eyes of pity—eyes of love;
And, our day of exile done,
Show to us thy Saviour Son.
O most piteous—O most mild—
Sweetest maid and undefiled.

A.

A VISIT TO A SALT MINE.

Extracted from Dr. Tobin's Journal in the years 1828 *and* 29, *through Styria, Carniola, and Italy, whilst accompanying the late Sir Humphrey Davy.*

I WENT with a very large party consisting of almost all strangers in Ischl, to visit the *Salzberg*, the salt mountain, or rather mine, which was to be illuminated for the visitors. We set out at about one o'clock, a long string of carriages, and after an hour's drive through a very pleasant valley, we arrived at the foot of the mountain which contains the mine. Here a number of miners were waiting with sedan chairs for the ladies, many of whom, however, preferred walking up the mountain, and in about three-quarters of an hour we arrived at the chief entrance of the mine. We were now to be attired, as is usual on entering the mines, in a long white mantle or frock, and a large, wide, broad brim, the latter to hinder us from knocking our brains out, and the former to keep our clothes clean. Here was confusion dire: this frock was too small, this too long; this lady had no brimmer, this gentleman could find no stick. I laid hold of the first frock and hat I met with, but up came a lady and begged I would exchange with her, as her frock was so long she could not walk in it, and mine so short that it did not reach to my knees. Dressing at length finished, the ladies were placed in their carriages, that is, two in each wheel-barrow, face to face, with a miner before to pull, who carried a lamp in his hand, and another to push behind, and between every two barrows went another miner bearing a paper lantern The gentlemen were of course on foot, with the exception of one or two gouty invalids. In this quire, with half-a-dozen miners going before carrying lamps, the whole train entered the passage, and in a few seconds lost sight of day-light. After a long, wet, and (in spite of our many lamps), dark journey through this narrow and low passage, where my head was continually coming in contact with the roof, we came to the *Rutch*, or slide, which leads down into the salt-chamber. The *Rutch* is formed of the trunks of two large fir-trees laid close together, rounded and polished, and placed in an oblique direction, in an angle of about forty degrees. A miner, with a lamp in one hand, places himself astride these trees, and holds with his other hand a cord which is fixed to the rock on the sides. The person who wishes to descend seats himself behind the miner, and holds him by the shoulders. The miner then lets the cord slip through his hands, and down they go like lighting into what seems an abyss of darkness; safe at the bottom, he gives a shout that the next couple may follow. When the slide is very long, as in the mines at Hallein near Salzberg, the miner always sits upon a thick leather apron, and when alone makes no use of the cord, but rushes down with fearful speed into the salt cave below. When we arrived at the slide, and the ladies had all got out of their barrows, after much discussion and many fears and doubts, they consented thus to descend, as the miners assured them that it was more dangerous to do so by the steps cut in the rock at the side, which were exceedingly steep and very wet. Having reached the bottom of the slide, which ends in a slight curve, to break the impetus of the descent, we found ourselves in an immense cavern or room, excavated in the rock, about twelve feet high, and from ten to twelve thousand in circumference, supported in the middle by a massive pillar of rock, and lighted up by some hundreds of lamps, which, however, only served to give the scene a more awful and gloomy appearance. The visitors, whose number was considerable, in their long white mantles and hats, looked like spectres wandering in the shades of the nether world. The roof and walls of this cavern were covered with minute crystals of salt, not, however, sufficiently large to give to it the glittering appearance which I had expected. The mountain contains a great many of these salt-chambers, which at different periods are filled with fresh water, conducted into them by wooden pipes. When this has dissolved a sufficient quantity of salt, which operation occupies some months, it is drained off through a deep perpendicular shaft, near the middle of the cave, and is then conducted through wooden pipes, often for a very great distance, to the boiling-houses, where it undergoes the process of evaporation.—Having wandered through these gloomy abodes of silence and night for some time, we ascended the stairs, the ladies resumed their seats in the barrows, and the procession returned as it had entered. To save my head from additional thumps to the many it had received on entering, I took the place of one of the pushers, and after a merry drive of about twenty minutes, we again saw day-light, like a distant star, increasing in size till we reached the entrance of the mine. We here took off our spectre clothes, and returned home in our usual appearance, and a merry party we were.

The only mines of rock salt in England are those near Northwich in Cheshire, about a mile from the town, discovered in 1670. The beds of salt in these mines are found from 80 to 140 feet below the surface of the earth. Rock-salt pits are sunk at a great expense, and are very uncertain in their duration, being frequently destroyed by the brine spring bursting into them, and dissolving the pillars that support the roof; through which the whole work falls in, leaving vast chasms in the surface of the earth. In forming a pit, a shaft, or eye, is sunk, similar to that of a coal-pit, but more extensive. The largest rock-salt pit now worked, is in the township of Wilton, near Northwich. This has been excavated in a circular form, 108 yards in diameter, its roof is supported by 25 pillars, each 3 yards wide at the front, 4 at the back, and its sides extending 6 yards. Each pillar contains 294 solid yards of rock-salt, and the whole area of the pit, which is 14 yards hollow, includes 9160 superficial yards, being little less than two acres of land. We may easily conceive the effect when lighted up.

Wood's Zoography.

A PROFLIGATE young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," says he, "you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." "True, son," said the hermit, "but what is thy condition if there be?"

ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER II.

"If, while around thee gales from Eden breathe,
Thou hide thine eyes, to make thy peevish moan
Over some broken reed of earth beneath,
Some darling of blind fancy dead and gone,
As wisely might'st thou in Jehovah's fane
Offer thy love and tears to Thammuz slain."

The Christian Year.

At the risk of an episode, we must stay to say a good deal about Mrs. Raymond. She was a person of no common character; she possessed a powerful mind, which had been early cultivated. Her maiden name was Jane Lorton, and she was the only child of a man of large landed property, who lived entirely in the country, a squire of the old school. Her mother died when Jane was but thirteen, leaving her to the care of a governess she had great confidence in, though she was a young person, and had been only a year with Mrs. Lorton. Catherine Rivers was not only a well-meaning, amiable, and accomplished woman (which many governesses are), but also a solidly-educated person, having much higher views of the office of a teacher of youth than is common among governesses. She found in her young charge an impetuous, imaginative girl, with a large share of beauty and talent, who, from the energy of her mind, and the sensitiveness of her feelings, required a very strong controlling power to keep her from being a torment to herself and her friends. And this necessity was increased by her being an only child, and, consequently, much indulged. The sorrow of the poor girl on her mother's death was so violent that it injured her health, and for many weeks she refused to eat or to occupy herself, though repeatedly warned of the danger and the sin of giving way to her feelings to such an excess. At last she brought on an alarming illness by taking a violent cold planting snow-drops on her mother's grave, against the advice of her instructress, who thought her not in a state to go out on a damp raw day. Miss Rivers nursed her through this illness with the tenderness of a mother. It had the effect of subduing Jane, and rendering her ever after as docile to her instructress as she had hitherto been disobedient. She recovered from the attack, but a degree of delicacy remained which rendered her dearer than ever to her instructress. Their mutual friendship became almost romantic, in spite of Miss Rivers's anxiety to prevent herself from making an idol of her charge. At last came a separation. Mr. Lorton's sister had married a peer, and was a woman of fashion. When Jane was just sixteen, Lady Vere came down to pay her brother a visit, and was struck by Jane's beauty, and vexed at her being brought up in seclusion. Miss Rivers was suddenly summoned home by the illness of her mother, and Lady Vere persuaded Mr. Lorton to let her take Jane back with her to town, and place her at a finishing school. Jane had no idea when she left home of her fate; she thought she was merely to pay her aunt a visit till Miss Rivers was able to return to her. When it was announced to her she fretted herself ill, and wrote such heart-rending letters to her father, that he sent his old steward and Jane's maid up to town to bring her home directly. Lady Vere sent Jane back with a letter full of indignation, ending with a picture of the misery her brother was laying up for himself and his child by such ill-judged indulgence. Mr. Lorton was not overburdened with sense, and he wished his daughter to have every advantage. He was perplexed, and finally wrote to Miss Rivers, asking what he could do. Miss Rivers had a degree of pride still unsubdued in her; she could not bear the idea of being looked on as a mischief-maker between Mr. Lorton and his sister. She gave her opinion, therefore, that as Jane's position would oblige her to enter the world, it would be well for her to be prepared for it by a London school, and that it would be wrong to risk her losing the protection of her aunt. Miss Rivers added, that her mother's illness seemed likely to be of a lingering nature; and that she felt Jane ought not to be left to her own direction, even for a few days, and, therefore, that she hoped Mr. Lorton would obtain Lady Vere's consent to receiving her again as soon as possible. Miss Rivers inclosed a letter to her young friend, exhorting her to do her duty, in language which went to Jane's affectionate heart, and wrought upon her to resign herself to the wishes of her friends, and to write to her aunt in the most submissive manner. Jane was now transplanted into a fresh soil; the world was not without its baneful effects upon her. Who can touch pitch and not be defiled? Vanity and frivolity were roused within her heart, though the principles early taught her saved her from giving way to these vices to the same degree that most of those about her did. Her father died soon after she was introduced, and her uncle's home became her home. The estate was entailed, and went to a distant relation; but Mrs. Lorton's fortune had been settled on her daughter. It was not large enough to make Jane an heiress, but she had beauty, and talents of a high order as well, and was much admired and sought after. She refused one brilliant proposal after another to her aunt's great vexation. At last she fixed her affections on a man utterly unworthy of her. He was highly connected, but he had only a younger brother's fortune, and had always resolved to marry an heiress. He had talent, and his numerous friends and admirers foretold great things of him. But he was too indolent and self-indulgent to rise beyond a certain point, either in public life or literature. Jane won more of his selfish heart than he had ever intended to bestow on any one; but after a positive engagement had been entered upon, he repented the step. He found her fortune was less than he expected, and that their united incomes would not enable them to live in the style they had both been accustomed to. The ardour of his passion cooled by degrees, and he determined to make Jane break off the engagement of her own accord. He knew enough of her high ideas of feminine dignity and delicacy to be sure that a very little neglect on his part would disgust

her very much. He was right in his calculations; and as soon as she had freed him, he proposed, and was accepted by an heiress some years older than himself. The shock Jane received when the true character of her idol burst upon her generous, unsuspicious mind, injured her health seriously, and Lady Vere thought it advisable to take her abroad. Soon after their return to England Lord Vere died, and the two ladies resolved to live abroad for a few years. Jane's health and spirits returned by degrees; they did not return to England till she was twenty-seven, and still unmarried, to the great grief of the dowager, who worried her about it incessantly. Though the bloom of youth was gone, Jane was still handsome, and she had the charm of manner to a high degree. Soon after her arrival in England she married Mr. Raymond; he was but five-and-twenty, remarkably handsome, and lately come into possession of Wilbury Court, by the death of an uncle. He had lived chiefly in the country with his uncle, who was a fox-hunting squire of the old school. Mr. Raymond had only just left Oxford, when his uncle's sudden death made him master of Wilbury Court. He had not been long in town when he first saw Jane; he was struck by her appearance, and the charm of her manner and conversation captivated him. She objected to accepting him, on the ground of being two years older than he was, but he succeeded in overcoming this difficulty, and they were married, to the great joy of Lady Vere.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY "BY INCHES."

In a brief account of the restoration of St. Olave's Church, Southwark, we are delighted to meet with the following golden syllables:—

"THE PEWS HAVE BEEN CUT DOWN MANY—INCHES!"

It is a homely saying, that an inch is a good deal in a man's nose. It is plain that some folks think the same measurement equally important in a man's pew.

Nevertheless, we hail this small sacrifice to Christian humility, as something. It is too much to expect that well-dressed, well-fed, and very well-to-do believers can all of a sudden throw down the pews which have so long enshrined them from the poor and struggling church-goer—from the man who, with a soul to be saved, does nevertheless pray for its salvation on a wooden bench. To do this, would be to confound all those nice distinctions of fortune and wardrobe, never, with propriety, to be forgotten in moments of devoutest sacrifice.

Besides, consider the danger to worldly respectability from suddenly leaving off a pew. What a comfortable, snug thing it is! how it wraps a man about, keeping him from vulgar breath! How it warms his Christianity, making him feel something superior to the mass of common clay! And what? Leave off the pew all at once? Why, dear Sir, your Christianity may take cold—may fall into a decline—may, alas! die outright. No, Sir, no. Do with your pew as careful people do with their flannel in spring; throw it not off all at once, but copying tender St. Olave, leave your pew off by inches.

When we consider the enormous altitude of much church-going pride, a curious and most difficult sum forces itself upon our mind. It is this:

If a man leave off an inch of his pew a year, in how many years will he sink to the true standard of Christian humility?

We have had curious calculations of the time consumed by a cannon-ball in its imagined transit from a star to the earth—now, there are some souls, heavy in their pride as iron shot: how long may it take to send them from the earth to the stars? Alas! who shall say?

Nevertheless, we hail this sacrifice of inches. Our only fear is, that the coy Christianity of St. Olave having given an inch, the revolutionists of pews may clamour for an ell.—*Punch.*

NOTITIA MONASTICA.

A FRAGMENT of Sir Henry Spelman's *History and Fate of Sacrilege*, communicated to me by my reverend and learned friend, Mr. Francis Giffard, formerly Vicar of Pateshall, Staffordshire, and afterwards Rector of Russel, in Wilts:—

"An Esquire in the County of Darby, by name Mr. G. Thacker, who had the Tythes of three villages, REPTON, INGELBY, and FOREMARK, the two former whereof are very large, and in the first whereof his Dwelling-howse stands upon the ruins of the dissolved Abbay, (Repton Abbay,) allowes to the Minister about some 12. pounds *per annum* for his paynes with, and care over so large a Congregation as Repton it selfe affoards, the other two villages having Chappells of Ease. This annual salary was no greater twelve years since; but whether it hath since bin augmented, I know not. This gentleman hath not at any tyme either by any very great Howse-keeping, or by any other payments extraordinarye, either in behalfe of himselfe, or his predecessors, or successoures, had any apparent cause of decay in his Estate, which makes his neighboures to wonder how or whence it comes to pass that at this tyme he is brought so low.

"In the County aforesayd is a village called Church-Graisly, where once was a Religious Howse. To this Parish Church belong three more large villages, viz. Castle-Graisly, Linton, and Swadling-Coate, and some other End ships [Lordships?] The Tythes to all these are impropriate. The Minister who serves Graisly-Church, whither all the rest (having no Chappells) weekly repayre, used to have for his stipend 8. pound *per annum*, and I doubt it is but little increased. The Tythes were challenged by two impropriators, one Mr. Ketling, and the other Mr. Wilmore. I am not for the present sure whether the Tythes of the whole Parish were challenged by either, but of a great part I am certayne. Perhaps there might be a third impropriatour that peacably enjoyed some part of these Tenthes. I can soone learne. These two antagonists had had many bickrings, and quarrells, and frayes at severall harvests in taking of Tythes, which was sometyme done *vi et armis*. About some fourteen yeares since, Mr. Catling encouraged his servants to fight stifly for the Tythes. Mr. Wilmore the old man, and his eldest sonn, Mr. John Wilmore, both Gentlemen, did so likewise, and somewhat more. For they promised their servants if any Blood was shed, or Limbs (Lines MS.) [lives?] lost in the fray, to beare them out in it. The next day they fell to it in Swadling-Coate Feild, and one of Mr. Katling's men, by name Stopford, was slayne. Upon this both Mr. Wilmore and his sonn were committed to Darby Gaole, and at the Assizes (though they expected freedome, and thereupon sent to their wives a little before to make provision), were both executed. The same yeare [619] the fore-mentioned Mr. Thacker was Sherif of Darby-Shire."

The above fragment is preserved by Hearne in the sixth volume of his edition of Leland's Itinerary, p. xv.

SANATORY CONDITION OF THE INTERIOR OF HOUSES.

Although some of the chief causes of insalubrity of towns exist within the dwellings of the poor, where public authority can have little direct influence, we must not hastily conclude that they are altogether beyond our control. The indirect influence that we may exert is very powerful, and much, very much, may be done by instruction and remonstrance; still more, perhaps, by affording to the poorer inhabitants those facilities for cleanliness and good order, without which any striking improvement is hopeless. The streets must be put into, and maintained in, good condition; their surfaces must be kept constantly clean, dry, and free from dust; the air must be cleared of the clouds of smoke, which now render cleanliness of person, clothes, or houses impossible; an ample, unstinted supply of water must be brought to every dwelling; and the escape of foul water efficiently provided for, before we can reasonably expect cleanly habits to be created and fostered among all classes of our dense population. When these necessary measures are adopted, we shall no doubt see a remarkable improvement follow, of itself, as it were; for it being possible, with comparatively little trouble, to keep the houses clean, that little would be cheerfully bestowed; and, the standard of comfort being raised, the inhabitants would never again sink into the condition of wretchedness which they now endure, apparently almost unconsciously, but which, nevertheless, produces upon their health and morals consequences the most injurious. This effect of raising the standard of habitual comfort, by facilitating its attainment, has been repeatedly observed. Mr. Holland informs us, that he has watched the effect following the improvement of streets, extending into the houses; and that individual dwellings, with the same inhabitants, which were, a few years ago, always in a dirty and miserable condition, since the streets have been kept tolerably clean, have been gradually improving, and are now all in a palpably superior state to that which the best of them attained before. There has doubtless been an accompanying improvement in the habits of their inmates. A comfortable home is, generally speaking, a condition indispensably requisite for domestic morality; and by neglecting the proper cleansing of our smaller streets, and so rendering the attainment of comfortable houses for our poor difficult if not impossible, we not only produce dirt and discomfort, but disease and excessive mortality also, and often, indirectly, habits of irregularity undermining all social and domestic virtue; and, on the contrary, by facilitating cleanliness, we gradually foster habits the most beneficial to the minds and morals, as well as to the health, of those whom we are indirectly acting upon.

But beneficial changes like these, though they proceed with far greater rapidity than could have been *à priori* expected, are still but gradual; and there are cases in which the improvement must be accomplished at once, to be effectual. Among such are those mentioned in the following excellent letter to Dr. Lyon Playfair, by Mr. A. Ramsay, inspector of the lighting and cleansing departments of the Edinburgh police:—

Police Office, Edinburgh, October 6, 1843.

Sir,—Your letter of the 27th ult. addressed to the chairman of the cleansing committee has been put into my hands, and I now take leave to reply to your questions in the order in which they occur.

1. Have not some recent regulations been made by the police establishment, in conjunction with the fever board, to fumigate and cleanse the houses of every patient attacked with fever? If so, be so good as to furnish a copy of the regulations, if they are not considered private.

As no precise regulations have been adopted beyond what are contained in the following narrative of proceedings, I venture to lay them before you in the order in which they occurred, as affording a more distinct view of what has been done, than could well be given in a different shape.

On the 28th of July the prevalence of fever was first brought under the notice of the cleansing committee of the police commissioners, who of that date authorised me to cause the walls of any stairs or closets which might seem to require it to be washed with quick-lime, keeping particularly in view those situations where fever had recently existed, or was likely to prevail. Operations were, according to this authority, commenced on the 1st of August; and, by the second week of September, 1,212 different places were washed.

The process, however, seemed to have no effect in checking or moderating the disease it was intended to counteract; and, on the 11th of September, in reference to a communication from the city charity workhouse, the cleansing committee recommended to the police board to have the houses in those localities where fever prevails white-washed and fumigated. The board happening to meet on the same day, and adopting the recommendation of the committee, instant measures were taken to carry it into effect. On the 13th a meeting of committee was again held, at which a deputation attended from the fever board, who stated, that from the great number of fever cases it was impossible for the latter body to undertake the cleansing and fumigating of the houses without additional aid. The cleansing committee thereupon recommended that the committees of the fever board and destitute sick society should keep a record of all cases where white-washing and fumigation were required, and granted authority to me to appoint such persons, and to purchase such implements and materials as might be necessary to carry out the object of the meeting, and requested the surgeon of the police establishment to give his aid in any case where it might be necessary.

You will thus perceive, that there are no specific regulations on the subject; and, except in so far as they might be compulsory on those whose houses are to be cleansed and fumigated, I am not sure but the work is more quickly and more effectively performed when left to the direction of one person not encumbered with numerous rules and restrictions.

Since the commencement of the cleansing and fumigating on the 14th September, up to last night, 211 stair-cases, many of them consisting of five or six stories; 749 rooms, of all sizes; 180 closets; and 739 passages, have been thoroughly lime-washed; and about 260 apartments fumigated, exclusive of the 1,212 places already mentioned.

2. In what manner is the fumigation effected? how is the house cleansed? and at whose expense?

The fumigation being a process not safely performed except under the eye of a medical man, has been entrusted to Dr. Tait, of the police, whose composition for fumigating consists of one part of black oxide of manganese to four of muriate of soda. For an apartment of ordinary size, about four ounces of this mixture is laid upon a common earthen-ware plate or basin, which is usually placed in the middle of the apartment, and about two ounces of sulphuric acid poured over it. The doors and windows being carefully shut, and the chlorine gas instantly disengaged, every crevice in the apartment is quickly filled. In eight or ten minutes, the windows and doors are again opened; and if there are a number of houses requiring fumigation in the same neighbourhood, the process goes on nearly simultaneously in the whole, so that one person may fumigate a very large number within an hour.

The house is cleansed generally by a couple of men, whose implements are a common pail and a painter's whitening brush of a large size. The pail contains a solution of lime in water, the lime

being in its most caustic state, and of sufficient consistency merely to whiten the walls. It is very quickly applied; and when the workmen become accustomed to it, which they soon do, they put the inmates to very little trouble, and do not occasion the usual splashing about of the material, the fear of which creates an aversion to the operation in the minds of indolent and infirm persons not always easily overcome.

The cleansing is effected exclusively at the expense of the police board.

3. Is this fumigating and cleansing compulsory? and does it extend to the houses of all classes?

The fumigation and cleansing are not compulsory, and do not extend to the houses of all classes.

When one or two houses of a tenement occupied by the poorer classes have been cleansed and lime-washed, many of the neighbours, gratified with the fresh smell of the lime, and its light and agreeable effect on the black and dirty walls, apply to have their houses also washed; and others seeing with how little inconvenience to themselves it is accomplished, and its agreeable effects, on their permission being asked, very rarely refuse.

4. What is the expense attending the fumigation and cleansing of a second and third-class cottage respectively?

The expense is a mere trifle. On the 30th of this month, 41 stair-cases, 28 rooms, 13 closets, and 57 passages, were cleansed and lime-washed by 24 men under the charge of three overseers, whose joint wages amounted to £2. 8s.; the cost of lime to 3s. 6d.; and allowing for tear and wear of implements 4s. 6d. we have 139 places thoroughly cleansed and purified at an aggregate cost of £2. 16s. or a fraction less than 5d. each. The stair-cases, it must be remembered, vary in height from one story or floor, to six or eight. On a large scale, therefore, such as that in operation here, the expense of cleansing a second and third-rate cottage of two or three apartments respectively, might not exceed 9d. and 1s.; and the fumigation of one apartment, under 2d.

5. Has this practice been attended with beneficial consequences?—if so, state how?

From the shortness of the time the practice has been in operation here, it is almost impossible yet to determine its effects. In the course of nearly nineteen years' experience in the management of the lighting and cleansing departments of police here, however, I have had many opportunities of knowing the effects of lime-washing on former occasions. For although the police statute was partly prepared at a time when this city was threatened with cholera, and many useful clauses added, it is still lamentably defective in its sanatory regulations, and must ever be so, until medical police shall have a statutory existence as a distinct branch; yet, on occasions of excitement regarding epidemic disease, the police has always contributed more or less to the purifications which the times rendered necessary. Most of the cleansings which then took place were like the present, a stretch of the powers of the police, not sanctioned by the statute, justifiable only by the circumstance of the prevalence of dangerous disease, and liable, I have no doubt, to be interdicted by any interested person; and, from the want of all compulsory power, partial and comparatively inefficient in their operation. No doubt, however, in so far as they go, they will be attended with most beneficial consequences; for, although the salutary effect expected from them has not yet appeared in a reduction in the number of fever cases, or in their abated virulence, from other opportunities I have had of knowing their effect. I have no doubt that the present lime-washing will be attended with results as decided and satisfactory as on former occasions. On the fourth or fifth floor of a house within a short distance of where I now write, for example, the whole occupants of that floor, consisting of several dwellings, were attacked during the last severe visitation of fever in 1838, and the whole floor repeatedly cleared by the inhabitants being sent to the infirmary. A fresh set of tenants were no sooner inducted than the disease again broke out, and again the floor was tenantless. It was occupied and re-occupied several times with similar results, till at last there was a difficulty in finding occupants on any terms. The proprietor lived in the country, and, beyond getting his rents, took little interest in the matter; but, on being urged to get the whole floor thoroughly lime washed, he did so; and fever, till within the last month, has not been known in it since.

I have troubled you with a communication much longer, I dare say, than you desire, and probably much longer than is really necessary; but my conviction from all I have seen, and all I have heard, in the course of many years' experience, is so strong and decided as to the efficacy of quicklime-washing in removing disease, that, if carried out under a statutory enactment, along with a few other simple and effective regulations regarding cleanliness, under the direction of a stipendiary medical officer, the periodical attacks of fever, with which all large towns are visited, would be much less frequent in their occurrence, and greatly less severe in their character. Indeed I am not without the hope that I shall live to see the appointment of a medical officer in every considerable town in the kingdom. As compared with the numberless advantages of such an appointment, the expense would be a mere bagatelle. Supposing a salary of £250 a year were allowed for his services, and that the dwellings of every poor person in such a town as Edinburgh were to undergo an annual purification, and that the entire expense fell upon the public, the cost, including a permanent corps of cleansers and every other expense, would not exceed £500 a year. The dwellings of a very large proportion of the poor are mere dunghills; and the salutary effects of cleaning the closes and other places where they live, outdoors, are in a great measure neutralised by the filth which prevails within. This serious evil would be removed by the appointment of a medical officer, and an organised system of cleaning, or causing their dwellings to be cleaned; while the moral effect of frequent visitations would be to stimulate persons of filthy habits, and to awaken a taste for and an appreciation of decency, order, and cleanliness.

6. Under whose superintendence are these regulations placed? and how is he made acquainted with the fact of fever having appeared in a house?

Regulations you will see, in one sense of the word, there are none; and the work is placed under my superintendence.

Generally speaking, there is no great difficulty in becoming acquainted with the fact of the appearance of fever. Besides being in communication with the committees of the Fever Board and Destitute Sick Society, the men employed in cleansing soon hear of any cases of fever in the neighbourhood; for, although the people have sometimes an aversion to the introduction of the cleaning force into their own dwellings, they are always ready to direct them to those of their neighbours where disease is known to exist.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

ALEXANDER RAMSAY.

Inspector of Lighting and Cleansing Departments of Edinburgh Police

P.S.—October 9. I have omitted to state in its proper places, that in preparing the lime for white-washing, a small quantity of chloride of lime is added—probably half a pound to a pailful.

There being a meeting of the cleansing committee this day, and also of the board, I have laid before them the following abstract, which appears to me of sufficient importance to justify me in troubling you with it, as showing the very trifling expense of executing a large quantity of work of a very important description:—

	£.	s.	d.
From September 14 to November 7, the wages to men and overseers employed in lime-washing and cleaning, amounted to	31	7	5
The cost of lime, to	3	8	0
Implements, say.....	6	10	0
Chloride of lime, say	0	14	7
Together.....	42	0	0

During this period there have been lime-washed and cleaned	303	staircases.
	898	rooms.
	248	closets.
	894	passages.
Total.....	2343	

The average expense of each is four 3-10ths, or a fraction above 4¼d. each. I shall be glad to furnish any farther information in my power. A. R.

Lyon Playfair, Esq. Ph. D.

In a subsequent communication, Mr. Ramsay adds the following valuable observations, in answer to additional questions asked by Dr. Playfair:—

Have you considered the necessity of appointing an officer whose duty it shall be to attend to the cleanliness of the dwellings of the poor?

I think it highly desirable that an inspector of the dwellings of the poor should be appointed. The constant duty of such an officer would be to visit the habitations of the poor, especially where disease exists. The inspector ought to be a medical man, and for many reasons the execution of the measures he might consider necessary should not be in any way connected with the criminal police. One great source of efficiency of such a measure must be its popularity. The visitations from the criminal police would be very offensive, while those of a medical man would, on the contrary, be very popular. An officer such as I allude to would prove of infinite benefit to the health of a town.

Do you anticipate any particular benefits from the appointment of a medical inspector?

Such an appointment would possess many advantages, many of them not very apparent at first sight, besides that of a sanatory inspection of the houses of the poor. For, notwithstanding the numerous means in operation for their benefit, in the pious ministrations of the clergy, the unceasing and unwearied attentions of the medical profession, the benevolent labours of charitable societies, the laborious superintendence and administration of the parochial funds, there is no responsible stipendiary officer, whose labours among the poor possess the advantage of centralizing their wants and necessities in one common focus. Such an officer would at all times afford a ready and effective means of communication with all public bodies, or individuals, whose objects are the relief of destitution, disease, or misery. For even in cases where there is no disease, the amount of privation endured from mere want of knowledge where to apply for relief, and the want of means and intelligence to make application for it, is greater than may be easily conceived. In cases where destitution is aggravated by disease, the appointment of an officer who would procure for them the aid which their circumstances might require, would be the means of relieving a large amount of human misery. Those who spend much of their time among the destitute poor, can tell how often it happens that the unfortunate subjects of fever are forsaken by friends, relatives, and acquaintances, and for days together left wholly in solitude, altogether without human aid, and frequently without the miserable comfort of a cup of cold water. Unfortunately this is no exaggerated picture, but one of every-day occurrence; and until means are established for insuring in sickness and in health a regular inspection of the houses of the poor, by a paid and responsible functionary, it must continue so.

The first duty of such an officer would be a constant inspection of the dwellings of the poor, with a view to the prevention of disease. It would be his duty to cause such dwelling houses, stairs, areas, or other places as might seem to require it, to be properly cleansed and fumigated, either at the public expense, or that of the private party, as the judge acting in the police court might determine.

In cases of fever or other infectious disease occurring in densely inhabited or ill-ventilated situations, he would see that medical attendance was obtained; cause their houses and apartments, the bed-clothes and bedding, as well as the persons and body-clothes of the inhabitants, to be cleansed and purified; and generally take all needful measures to prevent the spread of the disease.

A duty of not less importance would be a constant surveillance of that class of lodging-houses occupied by beggars, hawkers, strangers, and other persons having no fixed place of residence. The crowded and filthy state of these lodging-houses, particularly for some time before and after harvest, the nasty state of their beds, frequently occupied by promiscuous intercourse of the sexes in poverty, rags, and filth; many of them labouring under dangerous and infectious disease, the nightly succession admitted to the same apartments, the same beds, and the same bed-clothes, with their wandering and unsettled mode of life, present a condition of things as favourable for engendering and diffusing disease as it is well possible to conceive.

The simple and obvious remedy for this state of matters is, in the first place, to compel all keepers of lodging-houses of this description to occupy them under a license from the police court, upon a certificate from the medical officer, stating the number of lodgers each apartment is to contain, with a due regard to health and decency, and to affix a copy of the license on some conspicuous place on the wall of each apartment; and making the householder bound to report to the officer of health, or police, every case in which any inmate shall have been confined to bed by illness, of whatever nature, for more than twenty-four consecutive hours. This, with a due attention to the proper cleansing of the houses and bed-clothes, would go far to remove many of the evils which adhere to lodging-houses in their present state.

Now, one professional gentleman as the head of the sanatory department, with several overseers, and an intelligent subordinate assistant, would be quite sufficient for a town like this; and they would be able to attend to other matters connected with the prevention of disease, as well as with its amelioration when the disease occurs.

Would you think it desirable to render it imperative upon the officer of public health to visit every case of death, and, unless a certificate of its cause was left by the medical attendant of the deceased, to institute strict inquiries into the cause, and to register the latter?

For very many reasons such a system would be highly desirable.

In the letter which you have already addressed to one of the commissioners, you have described the mode of cleansing apartments after fever; would you be inclined to put this under the direction of the medical inspector?

Certainly; and there should be as few legal difficulties as possible to the execution of his orders. When the medical officer finds it necessary that the staircase, apartments, or other places require to be cleansed or fumigated, a simple printed notice specifying what is to be done, and allowing a particular time for carrying it into effect, affixed upon the walls of the premises, should be held to be a sufficient legal notice; and, if not complied with, may be done at the expense of the inmate. In other cases, where, from the poverty of the inmates, the state of disease in the house or neighbourhood, or other causes, it may be necessary that the cleansing should be immediately effected; the medical officer should have the power of having it done without delay.

Are you quite convinced of the beneficial results arising from lime-washing houses in which fever has existed?

Since the commencement of lime-washing by the police, I have been at the utmost pains to ascertain whether any case of fever has occurred in any house previously subjected to lime-washing. A number of cases were reported as having occurred; but on inquiry it turned out, that the whole of them were the cases of relapse, with the exception of one.

Do you consider the outlay would actually prove a great economy by the reducing the burdens on public charity, and the expenses attendant on disease?

Certainly so; but the amount of benefit to be derived from the institution of such a system is not to be calculated by the mere amount of pecuniary saving, although even in that point of view the saving would be enormous. The relief of disease and destitution, before they became increased and aggravated, would not only be a great means of diminishing mortality, but would enable hundreds of families to provide for their own support who, by delay in procuring relief, become long and frequently permanent burdens on charity. It is thus clear that the pecuniary saving would be immense; and this, together with the physical and moral effects arising from the system, would be all purchased at a sum of £505, being upon the rental within the bounds of police under one-third of a penny on the pound.

From your experience in the cleansing department, do you consider that the cleansing of courts and the removal of night-soil should be entrusted to public scavengers, and not, as in many towns in England, to private individuals?

If there be any one point which I should wish to impress upon you strongly, it is this to which you now allude. If you allow

private individuals to remove night-soil, it will never be regularly or efficiently performed. All matters connected with cleansing should be put under the public authorities, or their responsible officers.

We attach considerable importance to this testimony, coming, as it does, from a man like Mr. Ramsay, who has for years been so engaged as to bring the habits and wants of the poor under his observation, and who has evidently employed his opportunities. We are by no means favourable to the multiplication of offices, being quite aware how much of mere jobbing attaches to them; neither do we at all approve of unnecessary and impertinent interference with the private arrangements of others, merely because they are poorer, or manage their affairs differently from ourselves. But we must not, on the other hand, shrink from a useful interference for fear of the possibility of their being carried too far; and we think it must be evident, that there is little chance of sanatory improvements being carried out to their legitimate extent, except under the superintendence of a competent and responsible officer.

POPULAR PROTESTANTISM.

"We meet in this world with a faith more gallant, fine, and delicate, than the plain and homely belief which I have described; a modish and courtly faith it is, which sits still, and yet sets you in the lap of Christ. It passes under so many names, that I cannot stand to number them all now. It is called a casting of ourselves upon Christ, a relying on his merits, a shrouding ourselves under the robes of his righteousness: and though sometimes it is called a going to him for salvation, yet there is this mystery in the business, that you may go, and yet not go; you may go, and yet stand still; you may cast yourself upon him, and not come to him; or if you take one little step, and be at the pains to come to him, the work is done, and you need not follow him. It is indeed a resting, not a travelling grace. And such a grand secret there is in it, that a man may rest before he stir a foot; he may lean on Christ, and approach no nearer him than he was before; he may lay hold on him, and yet remain at the greatest distance from him. It will carry you to the end of your way, before you are at the beginning; the very first step of it is to stay yourself; the beginning of its motion is to be at rest. The multitude goes in crowds in this wide road: the voice of the people cries up this as the only way to heaven. All the wicked men in the world are well contented to take this journey, which may be finished at one step; and to run this race, which may be accomplished in a breath, and for which the last breath in their body may as well serve as any else. There is no man but he lays hold of Christ; and having heard that this is faith, do what you can, it is not possible to beat off his hands. There is not a soul so wicked, but it applies to itself his righteousness, and fancies all its sins to be covered therewith. It is the sweetest thing in the world to cast themselves into his arms, and expect not to go, but to be carried to heaven. They rest on him, and him only, for salvation. They rest on him so solely for it, that they are loth to stir a foot to contribute any thing towards it. They would have him take all the honour of the business to himself; and are desirous to do not so much as one good action, but leave him to do all, and impute his doings to them. Thus they imagine themselves to be the only advancers of free grace: and they think there are none but they that set the crown upon Christ's head."—*Bishop Patrick's Parable of the Pilgrim.*

"OUR LADY OF THE PASS."

A TRANSLATION.

In a solitary corner of the Unterwald, on the edge of a path, which like a serpent winds its way between the broken fragments with which the side of the mountain is strewed, at the narrowest part of the path, where the traveller, contemplating the horrid abyss beneath his feet, and the suspended blocks of rock above his head, advances on his narrow path between these two perils of death, is discovered a little oratory, embellished with a homely picture of the Blessed Virgin. This portrait of the merciful and compassionate Mary thus placed at a distance from the habitation of man, far from any hopes of human aid, in a spot full of terrors and dangers, has received the name of "Our Lady of the Pass."

Tradition relates, that formerly, a long, long time ago, this ill-omened place was called "the Devil's Cullender." There the infernal spirits kept watch, and all who passed by, traveller, hunter, or shepherd, became their prey. At one time a terrible vertigo precipitated the unhappy wretch into the abyss beneath, at another the thunderbolt pierced him as with a sword of fire; again, the slightest motion, the cry of the cricket, the wing of a bird, the labour of the ant caused the fall of enormous rocks, under which the unhappy traveller was either crushed to death or buried as in a tomb. In short, the place was accursed. After having long sought the means of making it more secure, they bethought themselves of building a chapel, and placing in it the image of a saint, that no one might forget, in whatever alarm or peril, to invoke the holy name of God, and make the sign of the cross. But where were they to find workmen bold enough to venture upon such an undertaking? They did, however, find several, who after assisting devoutly at Mass, receiving the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and invoking the assistance of Mary, went confidently to work; and the holy Mother of God, to prove to these pious men her power and her favour, so long as they continued at their labours, sustained the tottering rocks by threads fastened to blades of grass. Since that time the passage is secure; no more accidents occur, either by day or by night. Our Lady is so good, that she protects every passenger, even those who see her not, or do not venerate her.

"OUR LADY OF THE PASS."

Our whole life is that pass, full of dangers, on which we coast the frightful borders of the abyss of sin, under the dread vengeance of the Almighty Hand, always uplifted and ready to strike the impenitent sinner. O gracious Lady! abandon us not on our perilous journey. Keep at a distance from us the vertigo which tempts us to evil! Hold back the bolts which threaten us when in a state of perdition; and inspire all with an ardent desire to implore Thy assistance, that we may one day be united with Thee in eternal glory!

E. M. R M. Chelsea.

Rubric.—By this word is implied a rule or direction. It is derived from the Latin word *rubrica*, which signifies red earth, red ochre, &c.; and it is employed to designate the rules which are laid down in the Book of Common Prayer, to direct the minister and people in their performance of divine worship. These rules were formerly printed in red letters, to distinguish them from the prayers and other parts of the liturgy, which were printed in black letters.—*Church-of-England Magazine.*

SAYINGS OF POOR RICHARD.*

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more: sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright," as poor Richard says. But, dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

If time be of all things the most precious, "wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more, with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy;" and "he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night:" while "laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," as Poor Richard says.

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will be fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands, or if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for "at the working man's house, hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff, or the constable enter; for industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king.—Franklin.

MUNGO PARK IN THE DESERT.

I was obliged to sit all day without victuals, in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish; which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed, towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labours by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated, were these: "The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. Chorus, Let us pity the white man, no mother has he," &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness; and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat; the only recompense I could make her.—*Park's Travels in Africa.*

SCORN OF THE WORLD.

Be not ashamed to wait upon others, and to be thought poor in this world for the love of Jesus. Boast not of thyself, but put all thy hope in God:—doing what thou canst, and he will be pleased with thy good-will.

Do not trust in thine own knowledge nor in the cleverness of any living being; but rather in the grace of God which helps the lowly and humbles the forward. He who knows himself well, lowers himself in his own eyes and seeks not for the praise of men. For a poor countryman who serves God is far better than a great philosopher who, heeding not himself, studies the course of the heavens.

If I should know all the Bible and all the sayings of the philosophers by heart, what will it avail me without the love and grace of God?

Indeed the more guileless and heedless of the world a man is, the more easily does he undestand many and lofty thoughts; because the light of his mind comes from above. An upright, harmless and steadfast mind is not put out of its way by a throng of business, because it does every thing for the honour of God, and strives to keep itself within itself and free from all self-seeking.

But oh! he is great who has a great love of God. He is truly great who thinks little of himself, and holds the height of worldly honour as nothing. He is truly great who scorns all worldly wealth that he may lay up treasures with Christ in heaven.—Thomas a Kempis.

* The celebrated Dr. Franklin published an almanack with the title of *Poor Richard.* This article formed part of the preface to another, which he called *Poor Richard improved.*

SHORT TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

FINE WEATHER.

"Oh! if the sun would shine always!" cried little Frederic one day when the rain poured down in torrents. He was soon satisfied: during several months there were only a few little clouds to be seen in the horizon. A long drought caused great damage, the flowers in Frederic's garden withered, and the creepers which he had expected would reach to his window were hardly a finger-length long. "You see now, my son," said his mother, "that rain is as necessary as sunshine; nor would it be good for us mortals if our days were always happy and serene. In order to become virtuous we must have trials and afflictions. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.'"

THE ECHO.

Little George had no idea of an echo; when one day running through the meadows, he began to cry, "Ho! ho!" and he heard the words repeated from a neighbouring thicket. The astonished child called out, "Who are you?" and the mysterious voice repeated, "Who are you?"—"You must be a foolish fellow," shouted George.—"foolish fellow," said the voice from the thicket. Then George got very angry, and scolded, and called names, all which the echo faithfully repeated. He then rushed into the wood to revenge himself by beating the mimic, but he found no one. He then ran back into the house, and complained bitterly to his mother of the wicked boy in the wood who had been abusing him. "You are mistaken this time my son," said his mother, "and you are only accusing yourself. It was your own words you heard repeated; it is your own face you see in the glass, and it was your own voice you heard in the wood. If you had called out kind and obliging words you would have received the same. Learn a lesson from this. In the world the conduct of others towards us is generally regulated by your conduct towards them. If we treat others with politeness and kindness they will treat us well in return; but if we are harsh and rude in our manners, we must expect to meet with rough treatment. 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.'"

THE PRECIOUS PLANT.

Two servant girls were each carrying a heavy basket of butter to market. Betty never ceased complaining and grumbling, while Susan joked and laughed by the way. "How can you laugh?" said Betty, with a provoked look. "Your basket is as heavy as mine and I am stronger than you?"—"That is all true," said Susan; "but I have got a plant in my basket which makes it feel light: do as I do and you will scarcely feel the weight."

"Give it to me by all means," said Betty, "for my back is nigh broken with the weight,"

"The precious plant," said Susan, "is called Patience, and grows in the garden of Hope, which is cultivated by Faith, the door-keeper of Heaven."—"Ah!" said Betty, "I see where you are now; and really, Susan, there is no denying that you are the happiest person I know, and I believe it will be wise in me to follow the path you find so pleasant; therefore, next Sunday I shall go with you and see how our forefathers worshipped before the times of the Workhouses, Unions, and Poor-rates."

THE ALMIGHTY.

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy; all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside.
Being above all things! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all; supporting; ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God; and know no more.

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the Ocean deep; may count
The sands or the Sun's rays; but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And Thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled Life and Death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round, the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise!

A million torches lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss;
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns, lighting systems, with their joyous beams?
But Thou, to those, art as the noon to night.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
(Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee),
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence. Being! wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

To use kind language costs nothing at all; unkind costs always more or less, often-times more to him who employs it than even to those to whom it is addressed. But every man is bound to anticipate that unkind language will produce the natural fruits of unkindness, that is, suffering in the bosom of others.

Cowes
Satanita. 11.
visited Bulford Cam
was decided that the Marquess was quite capable of managing himself, and not dangerous to himself or others, but was incapable of managing his business affairs.—The paper mills at Snodland, the oldest and largest in Kent, were totally destroyed by fire. 13. Mrs. Craigie, the novelist, known as "John Oliver Hobbes," died in London.
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